

The Crafty LASS's Garland.

Who'll buy the Rabbit? Or,

The CONEY brought to a fair Market.

Tune, The Cambridgeshire Lass.



COME all that love to be merry,
Draw near unto my song;
It is of a jest in Lincolnshire,
That lately has been done.
A country lass who lived there,
That was both fair and clear,
And she was call'd the beauty
Indeed of Lincolnshire.

Upon a country market-day,
This girl, as we do hear,
Did go unto the market,
To sell her country ware.
With butter and eggs in a basket,
Chicken and cheese beside,
And a couple of coney's in the basket,
She likewise had fast ty'd.

One in a pouch between her legs,
Which she was to present
Unto a friend that liv'd hard by,
Where she to market went.
Poor Bun did there lie sleeping,
Between the maiden's legs,
And so she to the market rides,
To sell her butter and eggs.



Two gentlemen upon the road,
With her did chance to meet;
One said unto the other,
Here's a country lass so neat:
I will go and salute her,
I like her wond'rous well.
So riding up, he said, My dear,
What have you got to sell?

Fine coney's and young chickens,
With delicate butter and eggs.
He said, My dear, what must I give
For that between your legs.
She seeing him an am'rous blade,
She answered, To be plain,
If I sell it, I'll have fifty pounds,
I tell you for the same.

He said, You are a charming girl,
That money I'll not grudge;
For the coney I'm resolv'd to have,
If it cost me twice as much.
She said, I really tell you, sir,
It never was sold before.
The gentleman said, I'll buy it girl,
If you had asked as much more.

She said, To sell off my ware, sir,
I must to the market go.
He said, We'll hinder no time,
To buy butter and eggs also:
And these two rabbits which unto
Your basket now are ty'd,
We'll dress them for our dinners,
So to an inn let's ride.

They rid into an inn, sir,
And when that they came there,
She nimbly jump'd from off the horse.
(He had bargain'd for her ware.)
The gentleman he kiss'd her,
And said, My dearest life,
According as I like your ware,
I will make you my wife.

The dinner soon being over,
He call'd for witness then;
He said, I have bought the butter and eggs;
Be witness, gentlemen.
And this pretty maiden's coney,
Which is between her legs;
And I'm to give her fifty pounds,
For her coney, butter, and eggs.

They said, It is a bargain fair,
Come lay the money down,
Or a note for to receive it,
When she does come to town.
He said, Here is the money,
I freely give the same;
My bargain I will not repent,
Be the coney wild or tame.

She takes the golden prize,
And she puts it in the purse,
Quoth she, Poor Bun is hungry,
But for that he is never the worse.
Then she pull'd up her petticoats,
And from between her legs,
She pull'd a thing with a long pair of ears,
And a bandy pair of legs.

The gentlemen gave such a shout,
That made the house to ring,
The other said, It was a bite,
And the money would have again.
They all held on the maiden's side,
And said, The thing was fair,
And they before the justice
Would try the matter there.

But when before the justice
They came to try the cause,

The justice first did call the maid,
And asked how it was,
She said, He bought the coney, sir,
Which was between her legs;
He gave me fifty pounds for that,
Besides my butter and eggs.
How came you by the coney
(The justice he did say)
Between your legs, now let me know
The meaning I do pray.
I was going to carry it to a friend:
Lest it should catch some harm,
I put it in between my legs,
That I might keep it warm.



And he did buy it fairly,
These gentlemen witness be.
The justice said, The bargain's fair,
As ever I did see.
The gentleman he said, Sir,
Indeed it cannot be right;
For I did mean the other thing,
To lie with her all night.

What mean you by the other thing?
The justice did reply;
You fairly bought the coney,
Which you cannot deny.
The lass has play'd a cunning part,
Commended for to be,
And you may take your coney home,
And make your frigacy.

The gentleman he rid away,
And nothing had to 'spy.
The girl she mounted her old grey mare,
And laughing rid away.
I think she sold her coney well;
So I wish all maidens fair
May have as good a fortune as this girl,
In selling their country ware.

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